THE PACIFIC

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AN EVENING PRAYER.

Daylight is fading, falling eventide,
Darkness is turning the traveler to his home,
The day is spent my Lord, with me abide;
To Thee my heart returns, no more to roam.

O Life's Abiding Rock, I hide in Thee;
Mid changing time my changeless refuge be,
Hush earthly care and set my spirit free.

While evening casts its shadows, be my guest,
Almighty Love the pillow of my rest,
Staff of my soul, let love make fear to cease,
Abide with me, my Lord, my life, my peace.

Berkeley, Cal. —Donald Cameron.

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BARBARISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

There was a time when the people of the Northern States pointed to the barbarism of the South in permitting and condoning the burning of negroes at the stake for certain infractions of the Seventh Commandment, as a proof that the people of the Southern States had not as yet emerged from savagery but the same spirit is breaking out in the North and exhibiting itself in greater atrocities than ever was the case in the South.

The last and worst of these barbaric scenes occurred at Coatesville only a short distance from the city of Philadelphia. A negro, Zacharia Walker shot a policeman and then attempted suicide by shooting himself. He was taken to a hospital, a mob of Americans not foreigners bound him to the cot and after the cot was dragged to a convenient place built around it a fire and while the wounded wretch was struggling to free himself, the human devils, all American citizens, standing around beat him back into the fire with such oaths as Satan himself would be ashamed to utter. Unless the perpetrators of this fiendish deed are punished as they deserve Pennsylvania will deserve the opprobrium heaped upon her from every quarter of the world. "Our Common Need" as the Atlanta Journal says "in such cases is not partisan judgement but a sympthetic and co-operative effort on the part of all good citizens everywhere to discountenance anarchy in every form and to uphold the reign of justice and law." G. F.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

There are in the world 285,842 Sunday schools and 27,888,479 members. Of these the United States has 150,455 and 14,203,194 members.

We are sorry to chronicle that there is retrogression in religious toleration in Japan. The Minister of Education has ordered that teachers should make the greatest efforts to encourage reverence toward the Shinto deities, and pupils are marched to Shinto shrines and made to bow, and every effort is being made to keep children from Christian Sunday-schools. It seems to be a step toward withdrawing complete religious liberty and this in view of the expressed government zeal for all faiths alike.

The membership of the House of Representatives of the United States has been raised from 391 to 433 exclusive of representation from New Mexico and Arizona, soon to round out the 48 states of the Union. Of these 42 new representatives, the Republicans will have 32 and the Democrats 10. The old ratio of representation was one representation to 194,182 people, and it is now one to 211,877. California will have three additional representatives. Only two states in this regard exceed California, New York with six and Pennsylvania with four, and only one is on a par with it, Oklahoma. The representation of no state has been decreased.

We may not meet the views of many so called orthodox people when we say it would be indeed a calamity if for instance Mohammedanism, the Greek Church and the Roman Catholic Church would suddenly cease to exist. The restraints that these put upon millions of mankind are certainly better than no restraints. Well says the Christian Register: "If these churches would only yield to the spirit of the times enough to grant freedom of choice to all their adherents, so that dissent would involve no penalties, it would probably be better for the world for them to survive and exert their influence so long as they had voluntary adherents enough to justify their existence."

A short time ago the most dreaded of all diseases was hydrophobia, but thanks to Pasteur this disease has been shorn of its terrors and relegated to the list of preventable diseases. But there is another one that is taking its place as a human disease, namely glanders, an especial disease of the horse and yet it is readily transferable to man. A little while ago, a young man borrowed a horse, which was supposed to have a cold. A sneeze of the latter into the face of the former brought on the disease in all its loathsomeness, destroying in a short time his sight and bringing on death within a few days after terrible agony. As yet there is no known cure for it, and every case is fatal and every case terrible.

Reciprocity between Canada and the United States has yet to run the gauntlet of legislation in the Dominion parliament before going into effect, and just now it is problematical whether it will meet with favor or not. Sir Wilfred Laurier, the premier, has caused Parliament to be dissolved and an appeal upon the question will thus be made to the people. Great opposition to the measure has developed in the manufacturing centers of the Dominion, where many people look with dismay upon any measure that would open the doors to American competition in manufactured goods, but the western part of the Dominion finds its natural outlet through the United States and consequently here the measure is greatly favored.

The attention of good people everywhere is now fixed on Maine, where a great struggle is going on between the forces of the liquor interest and those of the Prohibitionists.—a regular battle of Armageddon, in which it is hoped the result will be as favorable for righteousness as that mighty conflict as set forth in John's Apocalyptic vision. Maine has been a prohibition state just sixty

years, with the exception of a break of two years, 1856-1858. Later the policy of prohibition was inserted in the state constitution. The liquor interest wants this provision repealed, as there is a legislature now of such complexion as would enact a license law, if the constitutional provision was out of the way. The situation is serious, since the full strength of the liquor interest of the United States, nay, even parts of Europe, are concentrated on this one state, and everything that money and ingenuity can devise is being done to achieve a triumph and thus restore the saloon.

The evil arising from a lack of uniform divorce laws throughout the Union has become exceedingly serious. Each state has its own laws regulating marriages and permitting divorces. A valid divorce in one state may not be one in an adjoining state. Hence, laxity in morals and a disregard of the sanctity of marriage. There is to meet at Washington a congress of delegates for the purpose of formulating a uniform law on marriage and divorce, and this will be submitted to the legislatures respectively of the states for ratification. These delegates are to meet in the hall of the House and report their findings and recommendations to the President who shall forward the same to the governors of the different states, with the request that they be laid before the state legislature. It is hardly possible that action will be secured on the resolution at this session, but the matter is vital and it is hoped that the people of the country will communicate their desires with reference to the resolution to their representatives.

The Congregationalist says of the President's veto of "The Statehood Bill": "We approve heartily of the veto of the statehood bill on the ground that the Arizona extension of the recall to judges is inconsistent with the freedom of the judiciary. We think that six months is too short a term for any judge outside of a mining camp —too short to secure the right material for the judicial positions, and far too short to make the men who hold them forget the cry and claims of politics. Judicial-minded men will want a better tenure, and, before all things else, the people need judicial-minded men. But six months after his election is all that the proposed Arizona constitution assures a judge. If he makes an unpopular decision, or excites the public animosity in any way, or even if another wants his place and can command the assistance of a quarter of the electorate, he may be forced to contest a second election, in which not only his office but his professional and personal reputation may be at stake— and this with no real chance of a public hearing.

It used to be said from time to time in English newspapers that the noisiest legislative body in the world was the American House of Representatives. Ordinarily this is not so but in the concluding days of a session the picture drawn for us has in it some elements of truth, but even then, after all it is good-natured noise—a noise arising from an excess of business incident to the closing up of Congressional work. Lately we must turn the tables on our cousins over the sea and accuse them of one of the most disgraceful scenes which has ever transpired in legislative halls anywhere and Englishmen tell the story for themselves. On a certain day the Prime Minister advanced to the table of the House of Commons to make a speech in matters affecting the House of Lords Bill. He was met by cries of "Traitor," "Scoundrel." For twenty minutes in the vast uproar he stood unable to utter a word. Then he was met by such expressions "Who killed the late King?" "Stay in the gutter, where you belong!" followed by expressions that cannot be printed, and to the shame of the Tories, the Prime Minister of England was compelled to retire unheard. When has a similar scene occurred in Congress?

During the past month there was held in London one of the most remarkable meetings of the times. There were present some one thousand delegates representing all races and conditions of men, fully one-third of whom were colored. The movement was a register of the growing spirit of universal brotherhood. It was also an effort to secure opportunity for all and to have justice established between race and race. Over twenty governments were represented and the list of writers of papers included eminent men from over twenty nations. The object of the congress was to discuss in the light of science and the modern conscience the general relation subsisting between people of the East and the West with a view to encouraging them to a fuller understanding, a more friendly feeling and heartier co-operation. There was a frank discussion of the evils that tend to degrade the human race. There was no hesitancy in declaring against war and in favor of peace; against ignorance, in favor of education; against alcohol and in favor of sobriety. The universal evil of alcohol was noted from the beginning to the end. Among the proposals adopted by the congress was the following: To induce the people of all nations to abandon the use of opium, alcohol and other intoxicants and to encourage all governments to abolish such enemies of the races from the

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THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

Edward Arthur Wicher.

Forbearing one another in love, giving dilligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Eph. 4:3.

St. Paul has directed us along the only path to unity. It is the path of forbearance. "Forbearing one another in love." There can be no unity among people each of whom is determined to have his own way, regardless of the desires of others. For no two wills are ever quite the same; and probably no self-respecting man has wholly agreed with any other self-respecting man in all his life. The very zest and interest of our days is involved in the fact that the world is so full of a number of things, and such a variety of people.

And the men of one sort will always be prone to be suspicious of the men of another sort. This is often true even of good people who are working together to effect some reform. The slow ones will blame the quick ones, and the quick ones will blame the slow ones, when their well-laid plans miscarry. It is sometimes true within congregations where the members are of varying degrees of wealth and education and position. Some will desire a more chaste and beautiful order of service; and others, who will profess that they like to worship the Lord heartily, will be dubious about the piety of their ritualistic brethren.

But in the regard of our Master are we not all beloved? Are we not all brethren, Has He not died for

the least of us? And cannot we add, each one, and without pretence, "I am the least?" Forbearance becomes easier for us now. Each of us now learns to bear for his brother his burden if pain and loneliness and grief and, what is harder, his brother's view-point.

We have perhaps failed to gain our own point, failed to experience the sweet sense of victory; but we have won a greater victory, the victory over our own spirits, and have experienced the precious sense of oneness with our brethren in the bonds of true communion.

It may, of course, be frankly conceded that there are limits to the healthy exercise of forebearance, but there are times when our duty to our brother itself demands that we oppose him. But these times are not many, and even the disagreements of life afford a place for the highest practice of the virtue of love.

On the other hand there can be no finer examples of the grace of forbearance than in those trying situations where true men feel themselves impelled to take opposite views upon important questions and to defend their positions with their utmost force and ability and where nevertheless they maintain a certain largeness of vision and charitableness of temper which permits them to listen to their opponents with equanimity, to weigh their arguments with justice and, if defeated, cheerfully acquiesce in the will of a majority from which they strongly dissent.

It is in forbearance that the unity of the Spirit ever lies, and especially in the forbearance of the strong toward the weak, of the clear-sighted toward those that are slow of heart. It is this grace that holds together congregations, and all ecclesiastical bodies. It is this grace that merges the diversities of individual temperament in a common loyalty to the Lord Jesus, the Supreme Head and King of the Church, and in a lowly solicitous regard for the welfare of each of the members.

San Anselmo, Cal.

THE MAN PROBLEM IN THE CHURCH.

Edwin Wilbur Rice.

Popular speakers at conventions have taken delight in startling the audiences by sweeping statements on the membership of men in the church. Some tell us—"of the membership in the church nearly three-fourths are women;" Roman Catholic Church, rarely attend services;" "Of attendants at most places of worship nine-tenths are women."

These and similar statements have been made without any serious challenge of their accuracy. Are they true? What are the facts? They may be bad enough—are they as discouraging as these orators would lead us to believe?

From the United States Census Report of Religious Bodies in the country it appears that the total number of communicants in the churches reporting (which was over ninety-one per cent) is 29,616,971. Of these, 12,767,466 are males and 16,849,505 are females. Hence, if we may trust the Census Report, which would certainly not be partial, over 43 per cent of the total membership in the church of all denomination in the United States are males, and a little over 56 per cent females. The Protestant churches reporting (and 92 per cent of all organizations did report), the Census states, that out of 18,691,885 communicants, there were 7,345,805 males, or over 39 per cent, and 11,346,080, or a little over 60 per cent females. This shows that for every three women in the Protestant churches there are two men. This is a long way from the sweeping statement that three-fourths of the membership are women.

We may concede that the women are better organized for the various forms of church activity open to them than are the men. That may be partly due to the fact that man, even the young man, is still the chief bread-winner for a family. True, the young woman has "elbowed" him out of positions in the store, and mainly in the offices, and is bidding for his place in factory and shop, but the woman is not yet the chief bread-winner of the family. The excuse of the men, that they are carrying a heavier portion of the burdens of life during the week, and think they cannot give the same amount of time to the activities of the church which the women have found it possible to do, may be accepted, but only as an excuse. It does not clear them of their duty.

Another condition is obvious—men must have the leadership of men's activities in the church. The same kind of energy which the man puts forth in private business should be applied to shape the activities in the church. The so-called "leading layman" in the church is not a lay leader. In almost any large church a good engineer, or great architect, or famous lawyer, an eminent physician, a trained educator, a skillful inventor, a successful merchant, a large manufacturer, a financier, may be found in the membership. They would be pointed out to you as the "leading laymen" in the churuch, but they are not lay leaders. One who has given wide observation and careful study to this subject declares, "If you can bring back into relations with the local church all the men in that community once active in church work, you would revolutionize any ordinary community."

Another present condition of the problem is that many of the men's organizations in the church have been devoting themselves too exclusively to social service. That is excellent in its way, but it fails to reach the core of the problem. Indeed, some careful students of this problem say that "A men's organization in a church which gives itself up to banquets and social functions is worse than no organization."

Again, is a pertinent question: Is the church service adapted to the real need of grown men? Some wise observers answer very decidely, "No." Study the devotional part of an ordinary church service. It is said that at nearly every service men are asked to sing three to five hymns chiefly designed for women, or written by sedentary saints. A vigorous, healthy man is not particularly attracted by singing a hymn which requests him to "Rise in the Arms of Faith," or "Rise to Worlds Unknown," or which asks him to "Stretch His Wings," or to sing that mournful sentiment, "The World Can Never Give the Bliss for Which We Sigh," and many other very familiar hymns good in their place, but their place is not for a strong and healthy man to sing at every service.

Another condition is, the preaching and instruction takes on two extremes; either exhortation, with a sprinkling of stories, or essays on theoretical topics, which do not appeal strongly to men. Business men and other men come to church usually to receive some practical instruction that will help them in their daily lives. The critical and theological and Biblical puzzles and questions that engage the attention of scholars do not have much attraction for the ordinary business man. It is charged, and it

may be rather difficult to refute the charge from a large series of facts, that the church presents instruction without opportunity for expression. The law of development of the adult mind is either not understood or not properly regarded.

The church must study the real spiritual needs of the vigorous, active man of business, mark his development and grade or adopt instruction and training to fit these changing needs.

OUR TOTAL HUMANITY.

Address at the Opening of Pacific Theological Seminary by Professor Buckham.

It is in the light of our total humanity alone, with reference to its past and present and future welfare, that national life can be judged and appraised. What has a nation to contribute to the highest advancement of the race—to the kingdom of God? That is the question with which one looks out over the world today. That is the question which is uppermost in the mind of the traveler. What has England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland done, what is each doing for humanity?

In many ways the most virile nation of Europe today is Germany. Modern Germany, dating as it does only from the Franco-Prussian war and the coronation of Kaiser Wilhelm I at Versailles in 1871, is the youngest nation in Christendom, younger even than our own nation. With mighty strides it has gone forward in the last forty years, in population, in industry, in commerce, in wealth, in education, in military strength. The German people, except the peasant class, are strongly intellectual, progressive, lovers of Nature and of the beautiful. One cannot spend a winter among them, as I have done, without coming to admire and esteem them. Intellectually, Germany is leading the world. Industrially and commercially also she has made the most marvelous progress of any nation of Europe. But she is confronted by grave difficulties and serious problems. Religious faith is rapidly declining. The church has lost its hold of the thinking people. The maintenance of her superb military equipment is draining her resources. Class division is becoming more and more galling. Democracy and internationalism is calling to her more and more loudly, but she is held back by the very fact of her achievement and her ambition.

The American has a Fatherland and a Motherland. The Fatherland is Germany, the Motherland, England; the one the racial, the other the ancestral home.

England, which has done so much for humanity, in the establishment of civilization, of justice, in the maintenance of peace, in the furtherance of freedom and progress, is now struggling with Anglo-Saxon grit with the limitations of class privilege, the problem of poverty, the betterment of labor, and social reform.

Italy is in the throes of one of the most strenuous movements of our time, the effort to break the bondage of tradition and sacerdotalism in the Roman communion.

The more one sees of the struggles which advancing humanity is making to throw off the chains of error and oppression and advance into larger life and liberty, the more he comes to realize that this enterprise is international, inter-racial; that humanity is one, and that the only hope of successful progress lies in co-operation. Together, with united efforts, these great issues must be met and solved. How can the tariff problem, for example, be solved by any one nation acting by itself and for itself alone? The labor problem is every day becoming more clearly international. And as for arbitration—how manifestly this is international—a world possibility, a world ideal, which is daily growing brighter, as the sure goal of reason and common sense as well as good will and Christian ethic. All honor and glory to the nation that furthers it, woe to the nation that hinders it and thus blocks the path of human progress, and stays the coming of the golden year.

But best of all, as the result of travel—and quite in harmony with the new sense of our total humanity and its forward progress—is the freshly kindled love of one's own country with which one returns. Seen in the light of the larger humanity our America assumes new meaning, new worth, new promise. One comes back to her with a fresh and deeper love and longing to see her throw off the peculiar evils which so besmirch her in the eyes of Europe—greed for money, industrial oppression, political corruption—and realize her best and highest mission.

From the soil of Europe one gains a new view-point for understanding his own land. From that view-point America still spells, albeit with wavering lines, opportunity. May it never lose that meaning. Opportunity for the individual to make freer use of his powers than anywhere else in the world—opportunity for free institutional development unchecked by a burdening past. You have come, some of you, perhaps, to question the title of America to this claim. Go to Europe and compare and you will find that it is not wholly false.

And of all the blessings for which the American returning from abroad thanks God, there is none that more excites his gratitude than the **Freedom of the Church** and the comprehending greatness of her opportunity. It is worth crossing the Atlantic to get the full force of this fact.

In Europe the church is either vitiated by alliance with the state, or weak by reason of popular disfavor and confusion.

When one conrtrasts with all this the freedom, the scope, the privilege of the church of America he cannot fail to be deeply grateful and hopeful. Disgraceful as are our divisions and sectarianism—the European holds up his hands in horror at the thought—dismal as are our petty quarrels, our frantic efforts to support needless churches by means of church suppers and fairs and importunate appeals—all these things sink into insignificance as compared with the splendid achievement of a voluntary self-supporting church free from all authority and control, dependent alone upon the good will of the people as far as their own means will permit, open to all the currents of modern life, and with a swinging door into the wide fields of opportunity. This is something to be richly prized!

I am not saying that the condition of our American churches is bright in itself—but only by contrast. It is much the same kind of comfort that the Methodist preacher (or was it Congregational?) offered to his people when he said: "Brethren, our church is in a pretty low state, but there's one comfort. I understand the Presbyterians and Baptists are still worse off." It is no real comfort to find the church in Europe so feeble. But it should be a

cause of gratitude and courage that we have no their obstacles to thwart us.

If the church in Europe at the present time is in a state of lethargy and impotence not less so (and this to my mind is somewhat in the ratio of effect and cause) not less so in Theology.

In England and Scotland there is not so much a lack of interest in Theology, except relatively—for as compared with our own country there is a far more widespread and serious interest in theological subjects—but the theology itself is unhappily for the most part weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. Or, if that is too strong language, it is, to say the least, conventional, belated, uninspiring. Most of the sermons that I heard in England were doctrinal—I have no fault to find with that—but the doctrine was not—with some marked exceptions—fresh, vital or inspiring. And yet it was listened to with a patience and attention worthy of something better. The people of Great Britain are still interested to a degree in theology, but there are few virile theologians to conserve further that interest.

In Germany there is a strong array of theological scholarship, but not very much original, fertile theological thought. German theology is still suffering from the effects of Retschlianeson, which, with all its cleansing work, has left theology robbed of its warm life-blood; by which I mean its mysticism. For without mysticism of the true-normal sort neither theology nor religion can thrive. By mysticism I mean communion with God. Time was when Germany was the very home and garden of the noblest and profoundest mystics. But even their memory she seems to have almost forgotten. In the old city of Strasburg the only memorial I could find of that Christlike mystic, John Tauler, theologian, preacher, saint, full of good works as well as of profound thoughts, who gave his life in the service of his people in the time of the great plague, the only memorial I could find of this great man was the simple slab in the New Kirche supposed to be his gravestone, with only the letter T to indicate its identity. In this land of monuments there was no monument or memorial worthy of the name. This is typical of the neglect and disregard which modern Germany has shown its mysticism and the mystics. The result of this aversion toward spiritual communion is his own religious and theological hardening, a spiritless church and an unfruitful theology.

In the Catholic countries modernism with all its noble struggle to surmount the barriers of traditionalism, seems to be disappointing the earlier hopes that it aroused because of its failure to break with that doctrine of the mass which is the very citadel and tomb of Romanism.

This relative barrenness, traditionalism and poverty of theology in the lands where hitherto it has been vigorous and formative, means a summons and an opportunity for America. Too little has she done as yet in the great service of religious thought, and that which she has done has received but scant recognition abroad. Now is her hour for action. If ever there was a time when religion needed strong, vital, fertilizing thinking it is the present. Germany and Great Britain are losing their place of theological leadership. America may win out. Untrammeled by retarding ecclesiastical or traditional encumbrances, yet with many a beacon light to guide, our theology may, if it is great enough, quicken and renew the faith of Christendom and so fashion old truths (and new) to new days as to send Christianity on into new victories!

A brief summary of religious conditions in Europe makes it all too evident that what is needed, above all else, today, is a recovery of the all but lost message, character and spirit of original Christianity and a reconstruction of it to meet the ideas and needs of our age. It is pathetic, disheartening, tragic, to witness the travesties of real Christianity which, like abominations of desolation, have been set up in the holy place at home as well as abroad—rituals, sacerdotalism, dogmatism against which Christianity in its beginning stood firm as adamant.

Hard and fast doctrines, traditions, attachments to the letter, sectarianisms which Christ and his apostles put forth all their might to overthrow and break in pieces, these very obstacles and foes to spiritual life, have again and again in the name of Christianity returned to thwart and impede Christian faith.

From all these and kindred hindrances Christianity must be loosed, in order that she may do her work. Her own Christ-won simplicity and freedom and purity—her spirit of brotherhood and love and service—must be restored. And we in America need to do our great and God-given part in this work of restoration and advance,—in the realm of thought and in that of action, too. Europe is waiting for us to do it that she herself may be spurred and strengthened for her task.

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM.

THE LABOR PROBLEM AND THE OBLIGATIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES OF RELIGION.

Wilfred Withington.

The labor situation in Seattle, the system of "Single Tax," the vision of socialism, the hope of peace and every other problem and idea demand a foundation on an all-inclusive faith. This thought was the closing climax of the most authoritative speech ever made on social relations. The Sermon on the Mount closes with the statement that any man building up his social relations on any other principle will find them finally demolished, "and great will be the fall thereof." The Sermon on the Mount gives the grandest practical summary of ideal social relations, ever heard, but the reason upon which every other reason depends is that man's main aim is to be like God. The greatest social motive ever uttered is in the saying of Jesus, "Love your neighbor —in order that ye may be sons of your heavenly Father," whose sunshine falls alike on the just and unjust, the sinner and saint, on capitalist and laborer—no class feeling in that, is there? The social plan that does not include this spirit of the universal fatherhood is incomplete and futile and vain. No social mechanism can work with permanent success that is not based on the universal fact of the unity of all persons in an infinite and everlasting fatherly heart.

It is not merely to tack the name of God onto our theories but to let His infinite thoughts underly and enter into all our plans. The thought and experience of the man or society who fails to do this will sooner or later finds its foundations sinking, and plunge into a whirling flood of war and chaos.

Our social friends are fond of tracing the gradual emancipation of labor from slavery to serfdom and so on to complete social democracy. They say they see the laws of social development which are bound to bring their social ideal. They certainly can trace very helpfully a

certain social evolution which bespeaks a better future. But here I would like to ask all socialists if they know of any historical example of this industrial evolution taking place to any marked extent where the gospel of Christ has not preceded it. Why didn't that evolution go right or unhindered in Egypt, Assyria, or Turkey? Were Greece or Rome any nearer ideal social democracy after a thousand years than they were at the beginning? No, their worst slavery was in their last days. Why? Because the spirit of the universal Fatherhood and Brotherhood had not yet been made the foundation. Why can the socialist find examples of the executive development of his theory **only** in lands which have first been evangelized by the Christian religion? Is it because these contain the oldest developments of society? Far from it. Surely in China's 3000 years of civilization there was time for this "inevitable social democracy" to come to pass if it does grow out automatically by irresistable social laws. I am not quarreling with the socialist superstructure. It represents a fine collection of suggestions for the building of socity. I am maintaining, taking socialism merely as an example, that no social plan or hope that has been expressed here tonight can be realized without the preliminary foundation of a sense of the brotherhood, born of Fatherhood, as preached in the Sermon on the Mount. The superstructure of visible society can find no sure basis other than the teachings of Jesus learned by heart, mind and hand of men. This must precede all progress and underlie all permanence.

If Christianity could do it why hasn't it done it already? There are three answers to this question. 1st. It has been doing it. How? Through the hearts and lives of men who have caught something of what Jesus meant, for Christianity is the working of the teaching and spirit of Jesus in human hearts. I have said already that we get our best examples of social progress in Chrictian countries. 2nd. Anything so deep and comprehensive as Christianity must take millenniums to prevail. 3rd. Organized religion has often opposed real religion.

We all recognize how the principles and practices of heathenism perpetuated themselves under the name of Christ and through the church that bore his name. It is about a Century since the rising spirit of the Russian people wrested from the Greek church over a million slaves, and wide areas of valuable lands. There was, of course, more Christianity in this emancipation than there was in the church which tried to prevent it. It is such examples as this that makes us laugh at the theory of ecclesiastical monopoly and official privileges in religion. It is a little over a hundred years since the high church officers of France took sides against the people; when in their hideous poverty, and crushing oppression they sought relief from the unjust privileges, the unbearable despotism and scandalous taxes, extravagances and debaucheries, the pride and arrogance of the aristocrats. There was more of God in the aim of little old France defying the despotism of Europe than there was in all the churches of Europe, at that moment. But the coupling of atheism with freedom and of the church with despotism made the method of the French Revolution a sickening memory of rivers of blood. Our modern parallel is the way in which the liquor interest is seeking to couple itself with the labor union, and if it succeeds there will be oceans of misery to pay for any help that labor may receive from that source. Even so, there is more of God in the labor movement than in all of our ecclesiastical ambitions. Religion, then, is not a matter of church alliance so much as the alliance of the individual with that power in human history which makes for righteousness, the great and fatherly Over-soul that speaks to conscience of righteous justice, that speaks to the heart of infinite love and speaks to hope a definite good news of a new social order on earth as it is in heaven.

Almost the first experience of faith in this God of human history was in a race of slaves ground by the tyranny of Egypt. What did he do for them? He led them to a promised land of freedom and prosperity, through a leader who showed his trust in God by his service to his people. The same God is alive today. Jesus was born and educated into the lessons that this God taught this people through a dozen centuries, and he said to a lawyer of his day "You can sum up all the legislation and all the inspiration of all these centuries in love to God and love to man."

Then the obligation of religion to the labor problem is for him that thinketh himself to be religious and everybody else to learn and practice God's view of the labor problem, how it looks to Him in His vast impartial justice, how it looks to Him in His tremendous concern for human good and His perfect wisdom in the plan He has made known through history and Christ. To do this and this first is the only way to prevent in the coming of industrial democracy the awful carnage that France paid in gaining political democracy. They fought for freedom without education and without religious inspiration, and the price was great. To introduce civic training into our schools and to perfect our Sunday-school, until every scholar shall know the tools of democracy as he does the letters of the alphabet and the words of Jesus as he does his own name is the greatest opportunity that religion can have for labor. She will have prepared the laborer to protect himself. I hear rumors of class war. Let those who hint such tragedy learn of the past—how sad and costly is this road to freedom. I hear of new schemes of taxation and needed legislation and the cooperation of the church. This is all good. Religion must express itself in some social organization. I have no use for the whining coward who makes the church's past mistakes an excuse for his neglect of it today. The obligation and opportunity of religion in this great day of corporate life is for every man to show his faith in the great social heart of God by working through every social organization that can be used to uplift man. Expression of the religious life through the church is not my subject. My province is the obligation and opportunity of religion, which is vastly deeper and greater; but this I am sure of, that the religious life that does not seek to express itself through some organized social channel is likely to be a failure. The God of the eternal scales of Justice would have us use those channels which most efficiently serve his great plan and purpose of an eternal society of perfect men. If you know a man who is not referring any question of this great problem to the Divine Father take him this message from the Son of God and the greatest leader of true men "Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Let me repeat my conclusions:

1. Aspiration of faith which makes the perfection of God the only limit of aim.

2. Education, civic and religious which shall supplant

the present slip-shod notions of Christianity and citizenship with a thorough and democratic mastery of their principles and applications.

3. Demonstration of this faith and thought through every available social channel.

To know aspiration and education without demonstration is to be deadened and at last damned; but the unremitting obligation and opportunity of religion is to renew the burden-bearers of the world with enough insight into the divine purpose to transform drudgery into art, slavery into real freedom and the brute in all of us into the angel in all of us.

THE TELEPHONE.

Spiritual Lessons From Bell's Discovery.

On the evening of Sunday, August 20th, the service of the Congregational church at Santa Cruz included a sermon by the pastor on Spiritual Lessons from the Telephone. Mr. Orr, the pastor, said in part: Telephone is derived from two Greek words, telos, long, and phonos, sound. It produces sound by means of electric fluid, at a distance. The telephone is a modern miracle. Hermes, the messenger of the gods, has leaden feet compared to the instant delivery of the telephone. It is a time and strength saver; it links home to homes and stores; it brings the country into the city; it annihilates space, bringing Denver as a suburb of New York. On the waves of electric fluid our words travel to the ear of another. Every invention copies some power of the human mechanism.

Compare our local telephone plant and the human body. For many months the new building was rising and over $100,000 was expended to give our city an improved service. Consider this house of wonders! It had wires unused, electric fluid dormant, instruments for speech and hearing that never spoke or heard. The whole plant was valueless until the man-creator breathed into the transmitter the breath of his spoken word and the entire machinery vibrated and became a thing alive. Not unlike this is our birth; we are builded not for prenatal existence, but for this life, and we are imperfect until God, out of the mouth of Nature, breathes into our nostrils the breath of life and man becomes a living soul.

We indicate that the telephone plant had instruments constructed for use but up to a certain moment were unused. Thus is birth and death illustrated. What is death? It is birth into a new sphere of life. The baby has eyes built in darkness and ears formed in silence and nerves strung, organs made, and yet no independent life. Finally this tiny sacred creature feels itself pushed by tender forces from its little cozy love world into another. It leaves the one and enters the other with a cry. Could the child speak he would say he just died, but we call it birth. Listen! We are forming spiritual organs here and now, that will not function in this life. The day comes when we feel tender hands pushing us out of this world's sphere; we go with a cry. We call it death, but it is birth into another and larger sphere. Birth pangs and death pangs usher us into life.

How great is a single breath! You breathe your message into the receiver, sensitize the iron and carbon on to which you breathe and the influence is felt and known in the entire circuit. Think of a single breath. If you knew all about any one of the breaths you draw you would know earth and air. Recall the lines of Tennyson knowing a flower:

"Flower in the cranied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you there, rot and all, in my hands,
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are—root and all, and all in all—
I should know what God and man is."

No one has written the history of a breath.

Universal energy must step down its rapidly vibrating atmosphere until it is safe for us to inhale. The lungs step down the breath to the blood, the blood to the nerves, the nerves to the organs, organs to functions and thus to the uttermost part of our anatomy. Understand a single breath and you know universal energy and its subtle power throughout the body.

Creator-man breathes onto iron and carbon in the telephone; Creator-God, whom man copies, breathes through the mouth and lungs upon blood with one percent iron and fifty-five per cent of carbon. Wonderful is this stepping down of power for our own use. 300 miles from San Francisco a river leaps over an escapement, falls upon a wheel which beats its power on copper wires along which the energy is carried. The power starts at 60,000 volts and is so controlled and stored that it reaches homes at 110 volts for light and 10 volts for telephone. God is infinite energy, infinite love. But man has no means of receiving omnipotence or fullness of affection. These must be stepped down to him. We believe this is accomplished by Jesus Christ. He brought heaven to earth, God to man, strength to weakness and goodness to evil. No man can long behold the sun and keep his sight; no man can see the Father of lights and live. But if the sun sends a ray of light the eye greets it; and when God sends the Light of the world the soul salutes Him.

The telephone is communication; and our age demands it. We desire converse with neighbor next door, customer in next town, relative in next state, and humanity around the world. Indians communicated by mountain fires; tribes in Africa announce a traveler to the next town by striking certain logs; priests sent help into the snow storms on the Alps by St. Bernard dogs. Today these are displaced by "long sound" wires. The company connects a direct line between New York and Chicago, then New York to St. Louis, then New York to Denver, and next will be from New York to San Francisco. Not dissimilar is the vision and mission of the gospel of Christ. A line was built carrying its mission in Jerusalem, then throughout Judea, then to Samaria, later to Galilee and now its wires reach around the earth. The Apostles were live wires. Laudable the ambition of Mr. Vail to speak directly from New York to the City of the Golden Gate; praiseworthy the commission of Jesus to speak directly to every city his Golden Rule. Here is business sagacity; here is religious sagacity. The earth for the Bell Telephone; the world for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Both believe in the solidarity of the race and the brotherhood of man. One serves the other. The missionary precedes, teaches the pagan mind to think, his heart to aspire; the telephone follows, aiding the missionary in his task.

The telephone explains prayer. We are dealing with forces invisible, potent and incomprehensible. Since Jesus used invisible wind to illustrate the movement of the Spirit, what would he now say to some Nicodemus about electricity. He who cries: "The Telephone is a

fake," simply exposes his ignorance and advertises the fact that he never tried one. He who cries: "Prayer is a fake," likewise discloses he does not pray. There is no sound on the line between the transmitter at one end and the receiver at the other. Hannah's lips moved but Eli caught no sound; the prayer was spoken for the Father's hearing and the answer came in the birth of Samuel.

"Central" in Santa Cruz symbolizes the throne of grace. We do not speak first from house to house but from house to Central and then to our neighbor's home. We do not send our petitions to the friend we would bless or the enemy forgive. We direct them by way of the throne. The star which reigns on the throne of the eternal north attracts all suns in his hemisphere. The God who reigns on the throne of the Universe attracts all spiritual thoughts and utterances to Himself.

"There is a place where Spirits blend
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat."

Names in telephone invention and religion are woven into the world's busy life. Galvini gives name to galvanic; Volta to volts; Bell to the Bell system. The world around, the name of Christ is associated with everything good. We have Christian education, sociology, philanthropy, missions, medical schools and hospitals. In His name every knee is bowed and tongue confessing that He is our earth's energizer and inspirer to every sacred task.

SOME THOUGHTS BEFORE COMMUNION.

Roy H. Campbell.

Take, eat; this is my body.—Matt. 26:26.

The people who are impelled by the twentieth century spirit are apt to get at the meat of a proposition immediately. When we greet each other on the street we neither fall on our hands and knees to the ground nor offer our esteemed friend our house and lot or suit of clothes. A nod of the head, a grip of the hand, a brief inquiry serve to convey our good will. When we undertake a matter of business we do not play a prelude with a social call and a cup of tea. The kernel of the proposition in hand is what we want and we are not likely to waste much ceremony on the shell. Our lawyers even are catching the temper of the time in this respect and when you sit on the jury you are not so often asked to listen to a history of the United States or to a recitation on the sanctity of the family before the issue of the case is before you. Even on the day of rest when we have more leisure than we do on the other days of the week we are not content to allow the one who speaks to us to wander up and down a dozen pages of the commentary before he sets before us the output of his own mind. If he will set forth what he has on his heart to say decently and in order and stop when he is through he will receive our eager and reverent attention. Along every avenue of human interest the desire for sincerity and reality keeps the one who has any food to deliver from straying out for the posies on either side and compels him to pace along steadily in the middle of the road.

Take, eat; this is my body. If we are to get at the heart of these words of the Master there is a vast deal of accumulated rubbish which must first of all be raked out the way. There has in the past been a whole lattice work of trimmings and furbelows thrown around these simple words of scripture. In leisurely fashion learned doctors have examined them from this angle and from that have dovetailed them with infinite labor into other similar statements, speculated about them from above and below, until out of all this manipulation has come a whole system of theology ribbed with solid sonorous Latin words. So good a man as Martin Luther, quick to action for the most part, spent the better section of a day around a table in the Landgrave's hall at Marburg contending with great vigor and no little heat against Zwingli that the bread at that first supper was the actual literal body of our Lord. Tran-substantiation, manducation, the words which came easily from their lips that day have now scarcely any meaning in our ears. Sober minded, able bodied men have let hours slip by arguing as to the probable state and proper standing of a mouse which had inadvertently nibbled at the bread after it had been blest and thus became the body of Christ.

True it is that if today a man should, in biological phrase, revert to type and attempt to set forth the theological implication of these six words he would command a very slender hearing. He might be able to write out his findings in a book, but it would not gain a very high mark in the library report of the circulation at the end of the year. Some unfortunate student for the ministry might have to get mired down in its heavy pages, but even he would shake its dust off his feet when he began to set about the real flesh and blood tasks of his calling.

In the background of our minds nevertheless clustered about this text is the legacy of the past making it unreal, throwing around it a musty atmosphere so that living in the twentieth century we are not able as we ought to appropriate its sacred message. Forgetting those things that are behind then let us listen anew to this gracious invitation of Jesus.

At the very start these words need to be put back in the room where they were first uttered. There was a table there, men were gathered about it, they were partaking together of their evening meal. Amid the furniture and the dishes and business of that upper room these words had some meaning. He would not have spoken them if he had been in his carpenter shop or in the synagogue on the Sabbath day. We sometimes take the words of Jesus uttered on some distinct occasion addressed to a particular sect of people to meet some definite need and distribute them like a patent cureall over the whole universe. There is mischief in this. A whole section of our common church is set apart because into the words "and is baptized" is inserted all the paraphernalia of the Jordan river. The water near at hand, the outdoor life, the readily reclothing, all this made the spirit of those words take on in that day the form which it did. Today the spirit is warped and cramped when it is forced under the domination of the letter. "Except ye be born again" he said, as he addressed a man who thought to inherit all the good things of this world and the next because if he traced back the record of his grandfathers far enough he was sure to hit upon Abraham. We have pressed the words down on the hearts of little children of whom he said "suffer them to come unto me" in straight fashion as children are wont to come without any emotional earthquake. "Go, sell that thou hast and give," he said. The man who heard those words was neither running a shoe shop or a railroad. His wealth was in jewels stored away in chests, and in costly fabrics hung up in his closets. It was idle money awaiting the onslaught of rust, of moths, and thieves. Jesus wanted

him to relate it to living men and women. Today it can be related to them through some form of business enterprise in better fashion than it can through even the best and most associated form of charity.

The words of the text fitted in easily and naturally with the loaf in their hand and the dish of gravy on the table. To take it out of that setting is to contort it. He was wont to teach his disciples in just this fashion. All along he had been relating his life to them in terms which they could appropriate, transforming the alphabet of daily living into words of more significant meaning. After he had gone almost every common scene brought before them some message from the lips of their Master. He had made the things which their hands touched and their eyes beheld carriers to them of spiritual nourishment. Were they out in the field; they thought of the seed, which unless it fell into the ground would not bear fruit, of the lilies of the field which were clothed by the Father, of the scattered sheep lacking a shepherd, of the over-ripe grain sending out its silent invitation for more reapers. When they were down by the lake they called to mind the fishing which would utilize the skill they had been taught by the waters, but which under his tuition would give a far more significant yield. When they saw the divers intent on securing the jewels which would endure but for a season, they called to mind the pearl of great price. Every housewife as she went about her home found many a homely task lit up by the beauty and suggestive power of his words. After this evening together over their last meal they would rarely break the loaf and drink the wine again without thinking of the nourishing quality of the life he lived. Thereafter these articles of food would symbolize for them his courage, his strength, his faith, his sacrifice, and as they ate it under the domination of his influence they would partake too of that divine food which supplied and nourished him. We are to engage today as we are wont to do at stated times in what we call the celebration of the Lord's Supper. We may have been going through the prescribed form thoughtlessly, content to know that we have been doing a religious thing. We have taken it for granted perhaps that the silent moments together, the companionship, the familiar words of scripture and the accustomed acts of this service hold in themselves some worthy measure of reward. They do not have their part to play. They calm the mind; they bring us in actual touch with a long historic custom, and send us out with an unconscious sense of family life, which can alone be stimulated at a common meal. But that is the poorer part after all to appropriate from this service. At the supper which initiated this custom the bread and the wine was a small section of the nourishment which they might partake of. Even though Jesus was actually there and his own lips had given thanks and blessed the food which they ate one of the number was so little affected by that supper that he went out and sold his best self and his Lord for some pieces of silver. The mere taking of the food from that table carried no necessary spiritual nourishment. It depended upon the willingness which each one showed to appropriate with the bread and the wine the type of life represented by the man who presided at the table.

"This do in remembrance of me." There was the value. Not in order that his name might endure or to make him famous in some cheap fashion, but that they might call up before themselves the noble quality of his life and the exalted sacrifice of his death. As they constantly brought these to mind their wills and hearts would be reinforced as with veritable food from the table of the Lord. They would part each time from that remembrance meal invigorated with divine energy to take up afresh the tasks which they had laid aside for a season. It is right that we should approach this meal with our emotions quickened. Its long and sacred history gives us the right to come to it with a solemn joy. The fact that we are to do now an act which Jesus himself did and which he said would bring before us his death accounts for the feeling of mystery which we associate with it, but its real value is in the main apart from these feelings. Its supreme helpfulness rests in the fact it calls to mind the need of actually day by day relating his life to ours and so appropriating it that it becomes our own.

Let us move up alongside these words and get a closer view. The one is a verb. You can divide men into two classes in the matter of their attitude toward religion, the verb class and the adjective class. The one is active, the other is passive. The latter express their religion in adjectives. "Glorious" they say as they contemplate the future life. "Wonderful" is on their lips as they come to feel the mercy of God. The life of a Christian is "beautiful" to them as a picture or a flowing stream. Religion is something to contemplate and it wins from them expressions of admiration. The others find the expression of their religion best in verbs. They find worthy example in the words of Jesus. Have you ever noticed as you have read through the story of his life how often a verb was on his lips. I have preached five sermons in order of late and the center of each text was a verb. Come, abide, sell, arise, take. They typify the hundred calls to action which come through the lips and the life of Jesus. God has not seen fit to force upon any one of us the type of life he wishes him to live. In the end it always rests with the human will. The Christian life enlists our sentiment, it stirs our imagination, it appeals to our intelligence, but above all it effects its main response from the will. "Take" he said when he addressed his companions about that table. They were not to share his life because they lived along side of him any more than they would obtain nourishment because they rested their elbows beside the bread on the table. The Pharisees came close to him too, they heard his words, but went away in a spirit of hostility. They were not to enter into the life he represented because they comprehended the scheme of salvation. They might have it all figured out so that there was not a flaw in the argument large enough to be detected by a sophomore, but for all that they could not be insured that the gate would be open.

They were to take, not to contemplate, not to understand even, but to reach out and appropriate. It rested with them in the end whether this life of his should go by them like a beautiful bit of scenery from the Pullman window or whether it should be a pasture land on which they could forever feed. You will reach out your hand today for the bread. Let it not be simply an ordinary habitual act of the service. Let it mean a reaching out to take him who if he is put into the center of your life will be like a stream of water refreshing and invigorating you through the weary days.

Then he said "eat." There was not to be a sudden acceptance of that life under the urge of his invitation: there was also to be an assimilation until he became bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. The more we see of the religious life which endures the more we become convinced that it gains its steadfastness not from the initial impulse but from the habitual coming to the table of the Lord. No sane man eats his mush and milk and hot cakes for breakfast

and expects it to take the place of the steak and potatoes at noon. His wife puts his dinner pail in order for the second meal before he has finished the first. No man eats his three meals on Monday and expects to have them suffice for the balance of the week. To keep our blood red we need three meals a day every day of the week not excepting Sunday or holidays. The start is a good undertaking, whether it is under the fiery words of Mr. Sunday or the careful ministration of a parish priest, but it will not suffice for the steady nourishment which every soul demands. When the winds blow and the evil day comes then there is needed a steady supply which will not fail. "Eat," he said. Take my life and all it stands for of spiritual reality and spread it out before you as your daily food. Assimilate it, digest it, make it part of your mental and spiritual equipment and the strength which I possess will be steadily imparted to you.

Palo Alto, Cal.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

...**San Rafael, Cal.**—Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Stevens of San Rafael, Cal., have enjoyed a vacation at the shore, Santa Cruz and Pacific Grove, in company with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stevens of Oakland, Cal.

Sacramento, Cal.—The following interesting subjects will constitute the themes of Sunday evening sections by Rev. Arthur B. Patten. September 3, The Wage-earner and the Church; September 10, The Capitalist and the Church; September 17, The "Criminaloid"; September 24, Industrial Democracy.

Avalon, Cal.—Rev. Mr. Fox, says: "I am just closing my vacation spent here and am impelled to write you a line about the church here. It is the only church on the island and ministers to a large outside constituency. Under Mr. Morlin the church has assumed self-support. I gave them a lecture on a week night and preached on a Sunday morning. Other speakers have been here—Dr. Walker of Los Angeles and Dana Bartlette. Mr. Morlin will open a rest and reading room on the beach this winter for the comfort of the fishermen and their families. The prayer-meetings and public services of the church are largely attended and in a very real way the church is ministering to the spiritual needs of the community. Mr. Morlin, spoken of as the 'Bishop of Avalon,' is felt by all to be just the man, giving himself without stint."

Riverside, Cal.—Rev. Horace Porter, wife and son, of Riverside First Congregational Church, have returned from spending a delightful vacation North, including San Francisco, Big Trees, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Del Monte, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Santa Barbara, Sunday evening, August 27th, Mr. Porter gav ean interesting account of the missions of California he visited on his vacation. A large audience greeted him, as this was the last of the union services of the Congregational, Baptist and Presbyterians for the summer. Mr. Porter spends the first two weeks of September at his summer cottage at Laguna Beach. During his absence Rev. Ralph Larkin, superintendent of Home Missions for Southern California, and Dr. Meredith of Pasadena, will supply his pulpit. We are glad to welcome back after two months' vacaton, Mr. Kenneth Hendry, organist of our church. Mr. Hendry is one of the pioneers and has ably filled the position of organist in the Congregational church here for the past twenty-five years; in fact, he holds the record of Southern California for being the longest organist in one place. We give him a hearty welcome on his return. During his vacation two of his promising pupils have most acceptably officiated at the organ, Miss Della Twogood and Miss Eunice Ward.

Oakland, Fourth.—On last Tuesday, August 29th, at four o'clock p. m., in response to the invitation of the Fourth Congregational Church to its members and friends, a large gathering listened with keen interest to the examination, by the selected council of ministers, of B. L. Brittin—preparatory to the installation services. As a relief from the tension of the afternoon session the guests were all served with supper by the ladies of the Aid Society, following which delightful fellowship we were prepared for the continued enjoyment of the excellent program of the evening. After scripture reading by Rev. Mr. Yokum, and prayer by Rev. H. R. Miles, the Rev. F. V. Jones of Niles gave the charge to the church in an alternatively bright and serious vein, while Mr. Arthur Arlett delivered an appropriate charge to the pastor. Rev. C. L. Mears, of Alameda, extended to Mr. Brittin the hand of fellowship and Rev. C. S. Nash offered the installation prayer. Rev. B. L. Brittin closed the services in a few well-chosen words and the benediction. Variety was given to this splendid program by congregational singing, solos and several beautiful numbers by the choir under the direction of Mrs. F. H. Maar. Rev. F. H. Maar was present during all the services and enjoyed them with us.

Oakland, First.—A bevy of women met last Tuesday in the First Congregational Church in Oakland, and formed themselves into an organization to be known to fame as the Congregational Minister's Wives' Club, which will also help to make famous the Congregational ministers themselves, who will hereafter be known as the husbands of the Congregational ministers' wives. Twenty-three worthy dames enrolled in the membership, and they had a delightful time in the absence of their husbands. The club asserts itself as having for its purpose sociability and mutual helpfulness, and is open for the cordial welcome of any dame who can call herself a wife of a Congregational minister, thus putting a premium on the Congregational minister. Mrs. Yarrow read a very interesting paper, which ought to appear in The Pacific, on the work and possibilities of the Ladies' Aid Society; and there was a generous and complimentary discussion of such societies. The club expects to meet once in three months, and is manned—rather womaned—by the following officers: Mrs. John A. Cull, president; Mrs. Miles B. Fisher, vice-president; and Mrs. E. Clarence Oakley, secretary-treasurer. The need of such a movement was freely acknowledged by all, and the luncheon and fellowship was full of sociability and good cheer. It is now "up to" the ministers to "go and do likewise."

San Francisco, First Church.—Last Sunday morning, Dr. Aked, after his vacation of five weeks, appeared again in his own pulpit. It being the anniversary of the death of Dr. Adams, the former pastor, who gave his soul and life for the upbuilding of the church, who lived through the fiery trials of the "great calamity," and saw a new church, replacing the old one, all paid for, Dr. Aked referred to the late pastor and uttered one of the most beautiful and eloquent eulogiums ever uttered on the work he had done and the inspiration he had left behind on the

members of the church, who had been so often thrilled by his noble life and faithful example. Four members were added to the church. Wednesday evening last was the beginning of a movement that is spreading over the country, a movement that had its beginning in no human agencies. No man can say when the "Men's Forward Movement" began, but it is begun. The Men's League of this church will hold a "Civic Betterment" meeting in the church parlors on the evening of September 12th, at 8 o'clock, for the consideration of matters pertaining to the welfare of San Francisco. All the members of the Men's League, all the men of this congregation, whether members or not, and all the men of all the Congregational churches of this city are not only cordially invited but urged to attend. Prominent citizens will speak and light refreshments will be served. On the evening of September 7th, at the Bellevue Hotel, a reception will be tendered to Dr. Ryder of the A. M. A. of New York, and Dr. Cadmus, of Peoria, Ill. This reception will be a part of the Men's Forward Movement," and stirring addresses will be delivered by Drs. Ryder, Cadmus, and Aked, the subject being "Certain Problems of Christian Patriotism," with special reference to the religious awakening among men. There was a large attendance at the week-night service Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Dr. Aked conducted and delivered a lecturette, "Chats about the Chautauquans." We have heard a rumor that the Rev. Geo. Laughton of Oswosso, Michigan, who so ably occupied the pulpit of this church in Dr. Aked's absence, is likely to receive a call to a church in or near San Francisco, in which case there would be one more stalwart worker whose birthplace was in that "island over the sea," whence so many noble Christian ministers have come—a worker to assist in the great undertaking of winning this region for Christ.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity held a meeting on Thursday evening, September 7, 1911, at Hotel Bellevue, Taylor and Geary streets, San Francisco. Rev. Chas. J. Ryder of New York, Rev. Wm. E. Cadmus of Peoria, Ill., and Rev. Chas. F. Aked of San Francisco were speakers. The subject of the evening was "Men and Religion." The Club was particularly fortunate in being able, on this occasion, to entertain and hear from these distinguished men.

PROGRAM FOR SIXTY-FOURTH MEETING OF BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Sixty-fourth Meeting of the Bay Association of the Congregational Churches and Ministers will be held Tuesday September 12, 1911, at First Congregational Church, corner Central avenue and Chestnut streets, Alameda, Cal.

Each church is entitled to three delegates, whose names should be sent to the Registrar at once.

The program will be as follows:

Afternoon.

2:30—Devotional Services, led by Rev. Benj. L. Brittin.

2:45—Business Session: Reports of Committees. Other Business.

3:30—Address: Church and Social Conditions in New Zealand, Rev. Edward Walker.

4:00—Are the Graded Lessons Making Good? A discussion opened by Rev. Miles B. Fisher.

5:00—A half-hour in charge of the newly organized Ministers' Wives' Association.

Supper will be served at 6:30 by the ladies of the entertaining church.

Evening.

7:30—Unfinished Business.

7:40—Music.

8:00—Address, "Cardinal Qualities of a Disciple," Rev. William E. Cadmus, D.D.

Amendment to Art. III of Constitution.

By adding after "or letters of transfer from other similar bodies."

Third. "Any person who shall be ordained to the gospel ministry by this association, may, by virtue of such ordination, became a member of this association."

L. D. Rathbone, Mover.

The officers are as follows: Moderator, George H. DeKay; Scribe, W. G. Taylor; Registrar, Loyal L. Wirt.

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The Home.

LOVE.

It helps us to bear with the trouble;
  It helps us to stand in the strife;
It brightens the skies
For the sorrowing eyes,
  And lightens the burdens of life.

It makes the rose bloom in the desert,
  And brings down the dew on the sod;
And tempests they beat
And the pathway is sweet
  With the roses and lillies of God.

—Frank L. Stanton.

THE REGRET WOMAN.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Mildred, "there comes the 'regret woman.' In five minutes she will have the sands of time running backwards, and in ten we'll all be wishing we had never grown up."

"She has had so much trouble?" asked Mrs. Laurence.

"No, it is not trouble that worries her, it is happiness, —the happiness she used to have. She is always mourning over 'pleasures past and dead,' as she calls them. She is a dear, sweet woman, but she does give you the most disconsolate feeling of not-worth-whiledness."

Mrs. Laurence was surprised to find the "'regret woman" neither old nor sad. She was little past thirty, and, save for a retrospective shadow in her eyes and a slight droop to the corners of her mouth, she did not appear unhappy.

"You live at Mill River, I understand," said Mrs.

Reeve, the "regret woman."

"Yes," said Mrs. Laurence.

"Such a pretty place!" The light of retrospect came into Mrs. Reeve's eyes. "I was there once. A party of us young people went there on a picnic. It was such a lovely day and the river and the banks were so beautiful! We ate our supper at the old water-mill. We had the best time." Then her eyes faded into regretfulness. "Isn't it sad that times like that can't last? Our happiest moments pass so quickly." She sighed poignantly.

"They would not be happy long if they did not, would they?" suggested Mrs. Laurence, with a sympathetic smile. She was quite gray, but her face was young with humor and sweetened by an abiding peace.

"No, I suppose not," assented Mrs. Reeve dreamily, her mind still on the past. "But if only those happy days could have lasted!" There was inevitable regret in her tone.

"Then we would have become very, very tired of them," said Mrs. Laurence. "Did you ever, when a child, play some game that gave you the keenest delight, and from lack of self-restraint keep at it until all the pleasure was gone, and not knowing what was the matter, blame it on your playmates and quit in tears?

"All our pleasures are like that. If they continued long, they would not be pleasures, but torture. They pass that adjustment, and change may make possible different but greater pleasures."

"Oh, but there are no pleasures like those of our happy youth!" Mrs. Reeve roused up. "Our friends scatter, and the burdens of life come; and, as the poet says, we tread the way alone like some banquet hall deserted." She shook her head and sighed heartbreakingly. "No, those times can never come again."

"Looking back," said Mrs. Laurence, "one sees here and there places in life where feelings of joy reached a pitch of exquisite intensity. We are inclined to wish it had lasted longer. But, if it had, the joy of life would have turned to disgust or pain; and it would not even be a pleasant spot in memory.

"And often we wish the setting of some of our happiest moments might return, friends, scenes, everything, just as it was. If it could, it would not bring the old pleasure, for we have not changed. Not that we have outgrown pleasure, but we have grown ready for a different sort of pleasure.

"We are inclined to forget that in regretting changes that removed us from certain happy scenes and times. We would have changed even if we had stayed there. I have heard women with the cares of family upon them contrasting their state with their girlhood irresponsibility, and advising other girls not to marry. They forget that, even had they not married, at thirty-five they would not have the same girlish irresponsibility they now remember.

"It seems to me regret is the most unfair and superficial sentiment in our minds. It is like being envious of a person who has one thing we want, but four that we would hate to have.

"There were pleasant times in the past; but they are to be remembered pleasantly, not sadly. They cannot come back, and would not be welcome if they did, for we have outgrown them. Change is one of the very, very wise laws. It is not sad, but fortunate, that things can never be the same again. They pass that others may come, and we change to adjust ourselves to the others when they do come. And, if we choose rightly, every change brings us something new and more than compensates for all the old that is lost; and our joys as well as usefulness may increase in richness as the years go.'—W. H. Hanby in Christian Register.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

A discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "free dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though!" explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

Our Young People

WHICH ARE YOU?

Said Benny, "When I grow a man
I 'll milk the cows, and split the wood;
I'll take my mamma out to ride,
And do a million things I should!"
And thus the minutes, one by one,

Found Benny dreaming in the sun.
Said Teddy, "Shall I get some chips?
And sha'n't I bring the eggs in, too?
I'll draw the baby in her cart,
And then she won't be teasing you."
And thus the minutes, one by one,
Slipped by—while Teddy's work work was done.

—Exchange.

THE ANIMALS' MOVING PICTURE SHOW.

There was a great commotion in the brown and green woods, for Sir Bruin was to give a moving picture show in the school house. Bless your dear hearts, the show was to be given on Saturday, when not a boy or girl was within sight or sound.

It was a grand procession which wended its way to the

little red school house. The squirrel family was out to the very tiniest, newest baby chipmunk. The woodchucks, the foxes, and the deer took their places, some on chairs and some on the desks. Fancy, if the teacher had caught them! The field mice came and sat on the wide window sills, and a blackbird perched on a map that hung on the wall. Hippity—hippity—hop, hurrying for fear of being late, came the toads, little ones and big ones.

A crow, dressed in his best, black, shiny coat, stood at the door and took the tickets. Now what do you suppose was the price of admission? Why, the squirrels brought nuts; the birds, red partridge berries; the bunnies clover tops. Each one offered his choicest treasure from his woodland storehouse.

Then Sir Bruin commenced to throw pictures on the screen. O, dearie me, the pity of it, for the very first picture was of a boy, a boy who went to the little red school house, stoning a fat, brown baby woodchuck.

"O, my poor little Chuckie," sobbed Mother Woodchuck, wiping her eyes with a gossamer web which she had plucked from the grass on her way to the show.

"Poor Chuckie," echoed Papa Woodchuck, "I told him boys were bad and to run home if he saw one."

"Boys are bad," and the big bear's voice, which was usually so kind, sounded quite growly, "look at this."

It was the picture of a mother doe crashing through the woods in search of her fawn who had wandered away. Back and forth, back and forth, up and down the woodland paths ran the mother, until by and by, through the trees she saw two boys, and in their arms they carried her baby.

You have all seen squirrels scampering in the parks and many of you have seen them in the real, truly woods, but I hope none of you have ever seen one living in a cage. Yes, there are poor little squirrels who are made to dwell in cages, when they are longing to be free and at play with their brothers and sisters. No cage, however large, is equal to a leafy tree in the fragrant pine woods. And this was the picture which Sir Bruin next showed—a large store on a busy street and in one window of the store were several cages, and in each cage was a squirrel running round and round, round and round, looking for a way to escape.

There was not one in the audience but who had lost a brother or a cousin or a friend in this way, and great was their indignation. But the effect of the next picture caused a great surprise—to Sir Bruin, at least.

First, you saw Mr. Rabbikins hopping through the green ferns, suddenly he stops and sits up and sniffs the air. "Carrots!" he says to himself, and there, sure enough close at hand, under a box—a very funny place for carrots to be growing—Mr. Rabbikins spies a nice, yellow carrot. Under the box he steals, nibbles, nibbles, nib—bang! down comes the box, and Mr. Rabbikins is a prisoner.

"Daddy, daddy," cried a little white rabbit, " I want my daddy."

"That explains why papa did not come home to us last night," cried the little white rabbit's mamma. "I must go and release him."

"We'll all go!" shouted all the animals together, and away they scampered and hopped and glided and ran, each in his own way.

"Very unusual, very unusual," said the big brown bear as he scratched one ear and looked around at the empty seats. "It's the first time that my audience ever took to its heels in this fashion. However, I'll just slip in another picture, and sit down and wait."

He did not have long to wait, for with such a number to the rescue of poor Mr. Rabbikins, the prisoner was soon freed from the trap and with his little white rabbit on one side of him and Mrs. Rabbikins on the other, was given a place of honor in the front row of seats.

When the show was over, and I cannot tell you all the pictures which Sir Bruin showed, the question was how they could punish the cruel boys.

At last a robin-red-breast spoke. She it was who had had her nest robbed of three tiny blue eggs. "I think," said the robin, "that if we leave the pictures here and let the children see how cruelly a few of their playmates have treated their little woodland brothers, the naughty boys will feel so ashamed that they will never harm us again.

And what the robin said came true.—Gertrude Winham Fielder, in Our Dumb Animals.

THE DOG THAT COULD FIND THINGS.

Don was a dear little parlor spaniel, with big, soft brown eyes and long, soft, silky ears, and the beauty of Don was what his eyes and ears were good for.

Sometimes one sees children who might just as well not have any, for all the use they make of them.. Mother drops her thimble somewhere, and asks if anybody has seen it. Then Joe and Alice will go and stand in the middle of the floor, and look up at the ceiling and drawl out, "Why, I don't see it anywhere."

Of course, they don't. But that wasn't the only place to look for it. Don—now Don was different.

One morning his master was going out and missed his hat, which he thought he had placed on the table.

"Don!" he cried, "I want my hat. Where's my hat?"

Up jumped Don and put his little front paws on the table, so that he could stretch up and see if it was there. It wasn't so he scurried out into the hall to look up at the nail where it might be. No hat; so he ran to the back of the house, back again into the library, through the dining room, his bright eyes boring into every corner.

Then he came back and sat down on the floor near his master's knee, and hung his brown head and thought. He had no idea of giving up. That hat must be found, and it was his business to find it.

In a minute he ran to the stairway and raced up the stairs. His master could hear him racing about from room to room, and then down he came, the hat in his mouth, and looking to his master for a patting. Don't you believe he got it?—The Mayflower.

TUMBLING TOMMY.

His real name was Thomas Nelson, but he was such a tumbly boy that he gained the appellation "Tumbling Tommy," and was rather looked down upon by his companions, and even his own family, for it was judged that any boy who was continually under foot had very little sense.

On the way to and from school, Tommy had to pass a cellar, all that was left of a house that had burned down, and was very much afraid of tumbling into it, although the schoolboys often tried to explore the place. It was full of crumbled mortar and rubbish of all sorts, and was known as "a bear's den," "a robber's cave," "a snake's nest," and "a treasure vault." The more names that were

given to the old cellar, the more the boys feared it, and gradually they ceased to visit it.

One pleasant afternoon, Tommy passed safely by the cellar, but for some unaccountable reason turned back, and while peering into the dismal place, of course, he fell in. He had not far to fall and as he landed on a powdery heap of mortar was not at all hurt. He was frightened, however, and was about to scramble out as best he might, when his ears caught the sound of voices and he lay down instead, behind a box that stood just out from the wall.

Tommy's ears soon told him that he had come upon some valuable information, and he listened eagerly.

The voices were those of two young men who were hidden among the rubbish. Now, there had been a great robbery in the little town a few nights before, and it was evident that the men were talking about it. The robbery had caused a great sensation and a reward of five hundred dollars had been offered for the discovery of the burglars and the recovery of the jewels and other valuables they had taken. How strange that little Tommy, the child of very poor parents and not considered especially bright, should discover the robbers!

One of the men was telling the other where he had hidden the plunder, and Tommy listened eagerly. "You go over by the canal near the lock bridge and strike into the woods, taking the beaten track; go on a little way and you will find a white birch log about five feet long. I hid the box of treasure under that log. You get it, Jack; then get out and meet me at Crumpville tomorrow night. You are known here, and I am not, so it is safer for me to stay."

"Whew!" said the astonished boy to himself, "What have I got on to anyway?" And out he scrambled and away he ran to the woods.

There was a log, just where the man said it was, but he could not lift it nor even move it, so he sat down on it to consider what to do next.

Presently a man appeared and, rather sharply, asked him what he was doing there.

"Why," said Tommy, "I always go this way to town, because it is nearer."

The man seemed satisfied with this explanation, and sat down on the log beside the boy and plied him with questions. Among other things, he asked him if he knew anything about that cellar on the main road that was so full of rubbish.

Shrewd little Tommy answered, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Well, to tell the truth, sir, we boys are rather afraid of it; afraid of ghosts and things."

The strange man chuckled and said, "You'd better be afraid, young one. There's no knowing what's there."

"That's what we think, sir," said Tommy, adding: "I must be going, or I'll get punished. Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, little fellow," answered the other pleasantly.

Away sped the lad to the police station, where he told his story. The officers were rather suspicious of the truth of Tommy's statements, but two of them accompanied him to the log he talked about, one in citizen's dress. There was no man there, and Tommy was non-plussed, but at length cried out, "Why don't you look under it and see if I have not told you the truth?"

"A wise suggestion," said one of the officers in a satisfied tone. So the log was lifted, and there, sure enough, was a hole in the ground, showing that something had been taken from it very lately, for the soil was fresh and soft.

The officer in plain clothes, after consulting with his companion, hurried away to the railroad station, where he found a stranger whom he inwardly pronounced the very man that Tommy had left sitting on the log. The man carried a small bag and was quiet and unassuming in manner. Sitting down beside him, the officer said, "Where are you going, my man?"

"Why do you want to know?" answered the other.

"Seems to me I have seen you around town, haven't I?"

At this the man cast rather an uneasy glance at his companion, and said, shortly, "I've only been in town a day or two."

The officer lifted the little bag and found it very heavy. The man sprang up in alarm.

"What are you doing with my bag?" he demanded, roughly, trying to snatch it from the officer's hand.

"I am going to search it," was the quiet answer, "and meanwhile I place you under arrest. Here, Robinson, hold on to this fellow, will you?"

The jewels and other valuables were all in the little bag, and one of the thieves was captured. By midnight the other was caught at Crumpville, and both were locked up where they could do no further harm.

So Tumbling Tommy, whom nobody thought much of, had—first, by tumbling into the cellar, then by acting promptly and pluckily—brought the thieves to justice, restored the valuables to their owners, and gained the five hundred dollars reward, besides that of being counted a hero.

Judge Brown was so pleased at the boy's behavior and so grateful to him for restoring the jewels he valued highly that he paid his way through school and college, and saw that he was well started in life. That pleasant afternoon was the beginning of better days for Tommy, and his tumble in the old cellar laid the foundation of his fortunes.—Anna D. Walker, in the Chrtsiian Intelligencer.

SOME EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS.

Inst.	Denomination	Faculty	Students	Property	Endowment
111	Baptist	2,310	33,329	$25,476,000	$22,058,000
20	Christian ...	415	6,091	2,170,000	1,131,000
42	Congregational	1,746	21,769	6,662,000	24,394,000
47	Lutheran	557	8,842	3,309,000	767,000
103	Methodist ...	3,171	41,268	23,206,000	18,780,000
77	Presbyterian .	1,578	19,796	14,096,000	18,688,000
10	Prot. Episcopal	667	5,744	17,284,000	18,970,000
61	Roman Cath..	1,649	16,278	25,350,000	1,517,000

—United Presbyterian.

He that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance, for truth is a thing of habit rather than of will. You cannot in any given case by any sudden and single effort will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincerity.—F. W. Robertson.

The One remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

—Shelley.

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